



THE BUILDING OF A CHURCH



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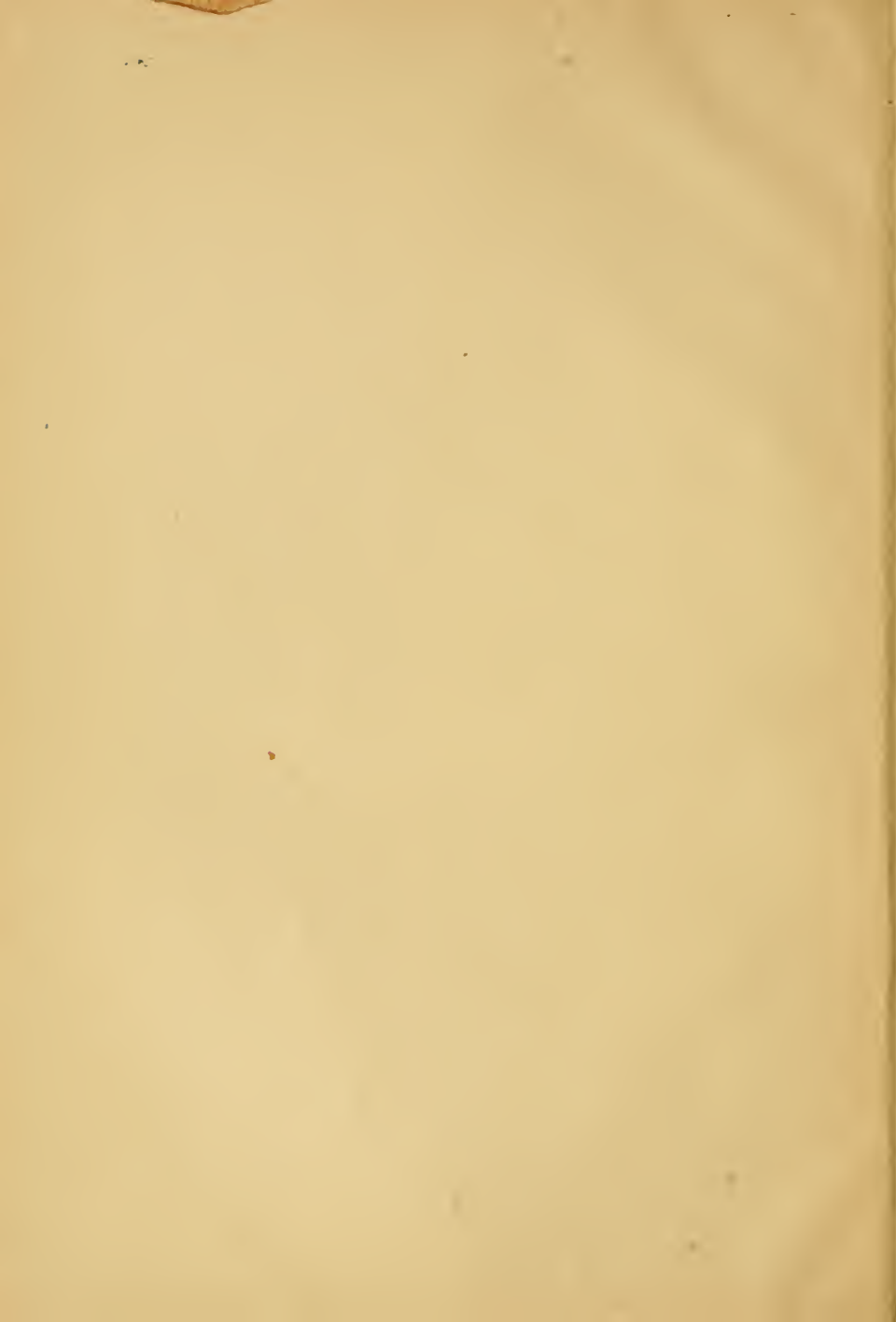
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The Building of a Church

BY

JOHN T. DURWARD

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RURAL DEAN

BARABOO, WIS., 1902

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W. M. R., Aug. 8, 1922.

Dedication.

To the Priests of America
The Church Builders
of our time
This volume is dedicated.

PREFACE.

It is not so much as a poem that this little book is written as the expression of the joy of a workman in his work, of those "vital feelings of delight" which should animate a man at his labor.

It is, further, the embodiment of principles of architectural art, which, had they been observed, would have prevented much of the ugliness that disfigures our land in the way of church buildings.

If the Devil were an architect I would think that many clergymen had employed him to draw their plans. It is in the hope that as our country progresses in every thing else good, it may also grow in genuine feeling for an architecture that is fit to be offered to God, that I present this small contribution as a lesson and an inspiration; and if as the pious Herbert says: "A verse may find him whom a sermon misses," it may even do missionary work in fields where other apostles would be debarred.

Some one says that for worship we should go,
"Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane most Catholic and solemn
Which God has planned,—
To that cathedral boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply,
Its choir the wind and waves, its organ thunder,
Its dome, the sky."

But I venture the guess that the poet who penned these beautiful lines, drew the initial inspiration (perhaps forgotten) with his knees on the pavement of a Christian Temple.

Ordinary minds never rise to a right conception of God's work except by first contemplating man's. Then their thoughts expand to the realization of the beauty and sublimity of nature which before was something so unmeasured that they did not feel its immensity.

The architecture of the Christian church is the art unitive of all other arts. Building, Sculpture, Painting, even Music and Oratory must be consulted, if, from the nature of the case, not all are employed in the structure. But Architecture has this advantage over the other plastic arts: Painting and Sculpture are seen against a background of man's making—the dull wall of the studio or the gilded panel of the gallery—but Architecture has for relief the transfiguring air shot through by sunlight, the companionship of the mountain, the repose of the Campagna, or the changeful hue of the sea. Surely if anything of man's is to be picturesque it should be his building—for he builds where it is seen of God, and placed by the side of His Art.

As the House should express the home life so the church building must represent the Faith. The pagan temple was a dwelling simply for the god, small size only was required; very little light, very little adornment;—the gods were born of *Nox*, and in darkness

was their abode. He only who dwells in light inaccessible could bring architecture to that beauty which the Christian heart desires. On the other hand the Protestant church—the Protestant for whom God came indeed but went away again—is at best merely a *meeting house* for the people in which to worship their absent Deity; for their puritanism will not, or would not till lately, allow it to be made an art gallery, nor their remaining reverence permit it to be a club-room. But the Catholic architect has to combine these two: the dwelling place of the present God, and the auditorium for the worshippers; and his task is to harmonize light, air and acoustics with adoration.

Although I maintain that Gothic is by excellence the Christian style, yet I would not wish to be understood as reprobating the judicious use of other styles, if only they be preserved in their purity. The world would indeed be poorer without the variety. Nor will I say that though Christianity created the Gothic and did not originate the others, that it is unable to appropriate those other forms; yea, and consecrate them, as the church did many pagan customs. Wherever a rite is agreeable to human nature and not dangerous to faith or morality the missionary does not abrogate it but transfers it. Even when dangerous at one time, it may be innocent at another; the statues of the false god would have been destroyed by Peter, but are cherished by Leo. So a form of architecture may have been the expression of a pagan faith, but in so far as it corresponds with the laws of beauty and of adora-

tion, may be the ground work of the Christian church, because veneration is the basis of religion in pagan and Christian alike; the *direction* of the worship alone needing to be changed. The whole question then hinges on whether an extraneous architecture can or can not be adapted to Christian ideals of God and man's relation to Him without becoming mongrel.

But whatever we may say of the right to adapt an earlier architecture there is no excuse for adopting the modern degenerations from Catholic art. This degeneracy is marked in the architecture of Protestantism. We see its earth-seeking in the Renaissance that return to Paganism, its disobedience in the Tudor, its vanity in the Flamboyant. Yes! we must admit we find its inception when architecture fell from its highest estate in the worldliness of Catholic Popes.

Gothic architecture is the counterpart of Catholic doctrine: in both there is the most perfect acquiescence in law joined to the very highest liberty. Take an example: One feature of Gothic is the pointed arch. But what an endless variety in that form! The Roman arch is one; no deviation possible from that half-circle. In Gothic again we find the counterpart of Catholic morality—the union of science and of art, of principle with sentiment. The modern R. R. station and the sky scraper have used science but without the beauty; the little cot on the mountain side has the beauty but no hint of engineering skill; while the Gothic Cathedral is the triumph of technical principle and a climax of architectural beauty and life.

In regard to the hotly contested question of the admissibility of Iron as a building material, so savagely excommunicated by John Ruskin and so warmly championed by Henry Van Brunt (Vide Crayon, Vol. VI, p. 15) perhaps the old axiom may be of service: *qui bene distinguit, bene docet*. We must admit as a general proposition that iron can never supersede stone as the best material for walls and the most beautiful medium for ornament. But as buildings are for utility as well as beauty and there is a limit to one's purse, it becomes simply a question of how much of the one we will sacrifice for the other. No one will say that a cast iron pillar is as beautiful as one cut from marble, but he must ask himself if he have room for the larger stone or must be content with the smaller iron. Let us keep in mind that he knows he sacrifices beauty (and this should be self-confessed) but so does he who only places a plaster cast of Psyche in his study who cannot afford the marble.

Now, while this sacrifice may properly be made where utility is the object of our building, it is out of place where ornament is the end aimed at. Another general law: As ornament is not essential, if we have it at all we should have it *excellent*; economy (always within just bounds) lessening the quantity rather than the quality. And again another—Where beauty is expressed by majestic *lines* especially far distant, as the roof span, I see no objection to the use of iron; indeed it will facilitate what could not be accomplished without its aid. The same may be said where the orna-

mentation is not to be viewed in its detail, but in its entirety for sake of the whole effect—like a wall paper for the atmosphere of richness but which should not tempt one to look at it as at a picture.

With these suggestions I commit this poem to the reader. It is confessedly an *Olla podrida*; but Sanchez finds many a *bonne bouche* in that national dish; (prosit omen!) it is sadly disjointed—but so is a priest's leisure.

THE DEANERY.

Baraboo, Wis., 1902.

INVOCATION.

O Thou! the Spirit Architect supreme!
Than depth profounder and than height more high;
Who laid foundations for man's earth abode,
Poising the water, 'stablishing the sky,
With certain law and meter compassing,
That nothing pass its bounds; by thy joy when
Playing at all times, playing in the world,
Thou hadst delight to be with sons of men;
Be with me man daring to build for God,
Daring where wisest one of old exclaimed:
"Thou whom the heaven of heavens cannot hold
How canst Thou dwell in house by my hand framed?"

Yet did he build. Saying in confidence:
"Let hither come the nations all. Behold!
Jehovah here invoked as in high heaven;
Whatever they shall ask for shall be given;
Shechinah of the mercies manifold."

SCOPE.

No common task is ours. The Architect
Of Christian fane must in one house unite
All that for worship has been raised before.

THE BUILDING OF A CHURCH

Temple he builds—the shrine of Deity:
 Basilica—the dwelling of the King:
 Ecclesia—the fold for chosen ones:
 Church, too—the Lord's, for Lord's day sacrifice.

URGENCY.

In creating God rejoices:
 We too yearn to bear a part;
 Motherhood is woman's portion,—
 Man must turn to art,
 And in statue, book or picture
 Leave behind him progeny
 After his own heart.

DIFFIDENCE.

In spirit first I build. Like David old
 Planning God's dwelling while he watched his sheep,
 Raising in thought to melody of his harp
 That temple not for him. Keep, O God! keep
 Thy Spirit ever near to mine, to bless:
 Lest sin in me prevent the work sublime,
 Support me that I may to worthiness
 Upbuild my soul while I upbuild my rhyme.

CONFIDENCE.

Swell, swell my voice with more than Orphean power;
 Sing out my muse in sweeter tones than Pan's;
 Like Florence' pride our Church must grow—a flower,
 It shall be music's offspring more than man's.
 That music that the morning stars essayed,

That music to which all creations move,
That music that in Heaven itself is made
Because that music still is Love.

INTRODUCTORY.

What is a church? On Canaan's upland wold
Jacob set up a single stone, unhewn,
Pouring the consecrating oil, and lo!
"This is the 'House of God' this is Beth-El."
So through the ages gleams the vast Maenhir:
(Like giant left alone on battle field;)
The single stone symboling God's unity.
Such sees the traveller with wondering eyes
Where Carnac dreams among her thousand stones
In sea-washed Morbihan. Or Orkney Isles
Hold up aloft the Monolith of Stennis,
To Odin sacred, or if curious creeps
Through stone at Maderty. Or reverent stands
By Tanist Stane, or kingly Lia-Fail.
All altars these; and altar makes the church.

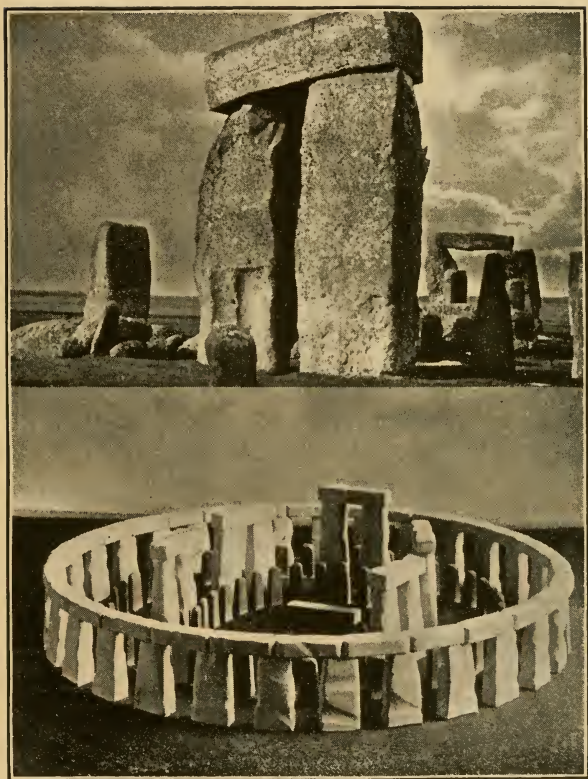
Next view, remembered of God's Trinity,
The Dolmen, Table Stone or Trilithon,
"Kit Coity's House" at Maidstone an example;
Or where Loire glides by Saumur, or in far
India's land, or east of Jordan's flood.

We call these Druid stones; but time has hid
The sacrificing priest, and we know not
Whether to Odin, or to Mars, or to

The sun god, or Jehovah of the Jews
These altars rose; or if acceptable
Victim were here, or human holocaust.
But altar surely tokens sacrifice,
And sacrifice's precinct is a church.

Then see the Maenhir and the Dolmen gather—
Like village children in a rural dance—
Into the Cromlech or stone circle vast.
Our churches walls are forming!
Go see Stonehenge on plain of Salisbury
Those "hanging stones" once in concentric rings—
Alas! that spoiler's hand has so destroyed
These finest monuments of Britain's Eld.
There yet live those who saw their perfectness;
But few remain today. O tempora!
Others are found at Avesbury in Wiltshire
At Stanton Drew, at Callernish and Orkney;
Yes! and in far Peru beneath the Line
And where Mount Sinai heard the primal law.

Next pass to space inclosed by wall and roof;
The temple proper. First the rock cut caves,
Dagobas, relic shrines of farthest Ind.
At Baugh on the Nerbudda or at Karli,
Rivaling in shape Christian Basilica;
Chaityas dedicate to Brahm or Buddh
Or more pretentious Kylas at Ellora
Where rock is cut to temple outwardly.



MAENHIR—DOLMEN—CROMLECH.

Where "China's sorrow" with his muddy waves,
The Hoang-Ho, runs furious to the sea,
Or where by all beloved the Yang-tse-kiang
The "Son that spreads" loses himself in Deltas,
The Buddish temple rises on our view
Fantastic pagod of fantastic creed,
With turned up cornice like John's almond eyes,
Where imaged Buddh preaches to imaged Gods,
Or Bouzes burn gilt paper at their shrine
Ting added to *Ting* for idol and for priest;
Confucius honored with funereal fane
Or Yin and Yang father and mother of all.

At Birs Nimroud see ruins eloquent
Of old Assyria and of Babylon;
The temple of the seven spheres that tells
Of Nebuchodonosor and his reign,
Its columns borne on backs of giant bulls
Winged and potent like the voice of gods.
Or see the cactus land of Yucatan
Kabah, Ake and Chicuenitza show
Monastic life among the Maya tribe
Where Teocallis of Palenque, Uxmal,
Record religion of the Toltec mild
Succeeded by the cruel Aztec race
Their altars drenched in human sacrifice.
Taotl, ruler of the Universe forgot
In worship of their bloody Mars.
We tread where Karnac's temples strew the sand

With giant blocks of granite; sphinxes vast,
Ram-headed, five times five score guard the way
'Tween this and Luxor, where the cataracts
Of Nile are rivalled by tumultuous heaps,
Pillar and propylon and cornice stone,
Collossi vast and obelisk engraved,
And Capitals where quite one hundred men
Might stand secure. These admiration claim,
But not our imitation or our love.
No! nor thy matchless pyramid, O Cheops!
Or sphinx gazing through sixty centuries.
From prehistoric ruins we withdraw,
To gaze on architectures that have left
The impress of their thought upon the world,—
Egypt and Greece and Rome and Normandy.
Our copy book the world. Set to the task.
Since time, when driven from the garden bright
Our proto-parent felt the press of life,
That weight that downward drags, man's effort ever
To evade the load, or, if the gods forbid,
To find philosophy to bear it up.
This the world dream of Buddha; he who found,
Or thought he found, escape in dim Nirvana.
'Twas but a dream. With daylight comes reality.
View we the problem solved as best they could
By differing peoples in their differing ways;
Reading their architecture as our guide;
For here a cognate question is presented:

“How shall we bear the weight of masonry?”
And wonderfully does the style of art
In every age and clime express the faith,
More or less perfect in proportion ever
As it approaches to the highest truth.
It is not only that the spirit's flight
Keeps equal pace with the material life,
And architecture blooms as progress spreads;
But since Religion—bond 'twixt God and man—
Is found sole refuge from mortality,
So our conception of the Deity
Will mould the altar builded unto Him.
Thus, unsurprised we see that He alone
Is Alpha and Omega of this art.
For architecture is not building mere,
The dwelling came—perhaps—before the Church
But *noble* building; *Master work* the word;
(Not having anything to do with *arch.*)
This first attempted, for the Deity,
Its highest service ever given to Him.
To Him the Hindu fane by Gungas' wave
To Him the Angel's Dome by Tiber's side
To Him thy pallid crown—Acropolis!
To Him the “Marble prayer” of Lombardy.
Ever to Him the fairest, costliest, best.

EGYPTIAN ARCHITECTURE.

Weight, weight, weight, weight, a crushing weight;—
This the refrain of Egypt's thought and work.

Not weight upborne with gladdened strength to bear
But suffering under load insufferable.
Not Ossa piled on Pelion and Olympus
Could crush with such o'erwhelming mastery
The earth and soul, as does her Pyramid.
Why throw not off the load? Her Faith prevents.
What has been must be. Fate is chiefest god.
Look at her temple—Pyramid remultiplied!
Her obelisks, those "Fingers of the Sun,"
Never for her pointing to higher things.
See yonder Fellah with his wicker pail
Watering that sand insatiable, or yon
With Buffle team plowing the slime for Durra.
Stagnant forever as the yellow pool!
For Kismet still keeps Egypt's people low.

GRECIAN ARCHITECTURE.

Not thus the Grecian building bears its load—
The load disguised not—but a load upheld
With joying power. Those Doric columns there—
See how the fluted shaft thins toward the top;
Throwing away, just where it meets the load,
Strength it thus shows held in redundancy;
Like Morphy or like Pillsbury at chess
Giving the odds—and winning.
And yet it rises not *above* the load:
Content with earth and physical perfection
It is of earth, and earthy; but of earth



THE CLASSICAL GRECIAN—SO FAIR.

The perfectest that earth has ever seen
Fairest that earth *can* see that will not gaze on
Heaven.

How well it fits to their religious thought!
The Plastic worship of Dame Nature's power:
The deifying of the beautiful and strong:
Religion without shadow—like their skies
Men of the golden age—Earth's infancy—
Children not knowing life's realities—
Haply forgetful of Death's mysteries—
Too fair a dream to last.

The Panathenic glory that streamed through
The Temples of Acropolis, when games
Kept all men young, making for very joy
All life a playhouse, fitly represent
That cult of joyous Pan. But "Pan is dead."

And so we pass
Contemplating, but not with tearless eye,
The solitary shaft at Ephesus
Where silent stork stands on one bloody leg,
Or where the Parthenon in that repose
That 'marks the manners of the great' uprears
Its giant form against the violet sky,
Suffering but deathless like Prometheus.

ROMAN ARCHITECTURE.

Greek Temple is a hero standing lone:
Limbs strong if slight, but shoulders broad like
Jove's;

Requiring giant blocks of stone to build;
Not many such in this degenerate time.
The Roman takes the vulgar multitude,
The uncounted fractions of the brick-yard clay
And builds them to an arch—and spans the world!
That arch more lasting than the Roman's rule
And spanning more momentous gulfs by far
Than his dominion of a thousand years;
That arch triumphal, with processions greater
Than Titus or Vespasian saw;—with song
Lacking that diapason of bruised nations
But resonant with pean.

By Tiber blond
See where the man of four souls* raised in air
The Pantheon. Or first, where wave on wave
Arno proceeds with pace of royalty,
See Brunelleschi's dome rivalling the Tuscan sky:
The Angel to his rival by the Arno
Giving the praise: "Poorer than that I will not
Greater than that I cannot."

This is the *arch* full-blossomed into *Dome*.
"The round arch nevermore can conquered be."
Rome boasts, as of herself. Yet Rome has fallen.
Still, mark that noble form till now unmatched,
Her vanity condoning, hear her sing.

*Michael Angelo.



THE ARCH OF THREE DIMENSIONS.

Song of the Roman Arch.

"It comes with the arc of the blue day's light
It comes with the spring of the rainbow bright
And with wedding ring's circle of power.
And it bridges the streams and it strides o'er the
plain;
In its arm is the river it sets down again
For the fevered metropolis' dower:
And it builds the Basilic, the circus encloses
With tier above tier, where a nation reposes
For gladiatorial show;
And it swells to an *arch of dimensions three*—
The Dome—that master work, deep as a sea
With a heaven's light aglow.
And solid its roads and triumphal its arches,
It annihilates chasms, where the universe marches
As it bows to our conquering rod;
And it stands in its might like a mountain rock"—
But the saxifrage splits up the dolomite block,
So upward, leaf-like, springs the Gothic of God.

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

"Not to destroy, but to fulfill"—yea verily
There is the mission of evolving forms.
This the prerogative of Gothic art;
Retaining Nature; superadding grace:
Keeping the body with its strength, in time;

Adding the soul and beauty and eternity;
Keeping the eloquence and joy of Greece;
Keeping the stability of Rome; but adding
The upward streaming force of Gothic prayer.
Of prayer so Catholic that all voices blend;
And Normandy Cologne and Spain
Within this architecture find a place,
Grotesqueness of the Italian school
Tempered by England's grace.

Man feels in his soul a religious gloom:—
A mystery of life, not a funeral pall—
Speaking louder of Heaven than it speaks of the tomb;
He finds it expressed in yon forest of larch;
And he builds its dimness to temple wall;
And he finds the form of his doorway tall
Where elm-tree aisle suggests the gothic arch.
And his need of petition makes the arches there
Clasp overhead like fingers in prayer;
While aspiration springs higher and higher,
Advancing on crockets, like wavelets of fire,
To that arrowy flight of finial and spire.
The ecstasy over, returning to earth
He toils on in patient content,
Seeing Nature so lavish of beautiful forms,
And covers his structure with ornament.
The later styles need not delay our work.
O Renaissance! The *birth anew*. Of what?
Of the old Adam? We must build on Christ.

See that elaborate Tudor ceiling!

Florid blossoming!—

Ornament run wild:—

Richness overpiled—

Faith controlled by feeling:

Rich in decoration;

Fine aspiring spring;

But anon toward earth returning.

For the wonted flesh-pots yearning;

Like discouraged little soul

Seeking human consolation,

Missing highest goal.

How shall we choose out of all these designs that
proffer their service?

Who shall decide whether lily or rose or harebell
be fairest?

Whether the elm or the oak or the chestnut be
grandest of outline?

Whether our Milton or Dante or Virgil be sweetest
in singing?

'Tis not alone what is fairest we seek but that
which is fittest.

Fitter the bluebell to swing o'er the lichen-clad rock
in the Highlands

Fitter the rose for the bridal, the lily for bier of the
virgin.

Fit only for Christian church architecture express-
ing the Christian.

Back to the thralldom of Egypt—its palpable darkness we turn not:

Glad to escape from the ponderous crush of its pyramid coffin;

Even the classical Grecian—so fair—we relinquish—but sighing:

Sigh that the chaste is not fruitful. Except where the shadowing Dove

Quickens to mystery highest. “*Concepit de Spiritu Sancto.*”

The Renaissance Mongrel, well meaning, has proved an abortion:

Moorish a fairy tale, beautiful still, but ignoring man’s burden:

Rome and Byzantium have conquered by force; but the Christian ideal—

Divinity raising man’s life above mere mortal estate, Free will and grace, aspiration and love, are found in the Gothic.

PARADOX.

Can heat come any whence but from the South?

Can any good from Nazareth be seen?

Gothic! Term of reproach in classic mouth

Comes to build temple for the Nazarene.

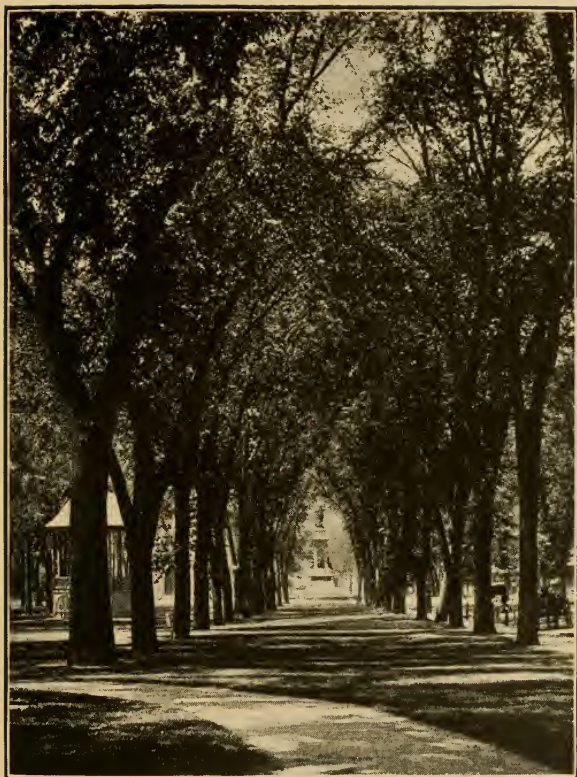
Four Genii with their lamps ablaze
Four Spirits raying light forever
Illume the earth and guide aright
Each work of high endeavor:
Will-o'-the-wisp all other light.
Poorer than best we may not raise—
Then call we down these ministrants
And learn their ways.
Truth of the single eye and valiant tongue,
And *Beauty* of the winning smile
That keeps the worlds forever young,
Then *Sacrifice* of quick and generous hand,—
Eager with all to share—
And *Worship* of the earth-bowed head
But of the heavenward prayer.

SPIRIT OF TRUTH.

Urim and Thummim is mine:
Truth am I called by men;
Make thy work worthy to shine
On the breast-plate of earth again.
Banished thence by the hand of sham
In other words untruth, (to God least like,
That God whose thrilling "I am who am"
Tells of the endless and all seeing)
The would-be saint with phylacteries broad
Forevermore lacking the prime good of being,
Install her not here with her stolen gaud

In a house for the Deity framed:
But Truth in her humbler dress,
Even me in my scantiness
Naked but unashamed.
Let deceptions and cheats give place:
Be these to those temples confined
Where is worshipped the father of lies;
Here every line and color and space
Must come freighted with Truth to the eyes
And the mind of him who has mind.
Wood not ashamed to be wood,
Brick not ashamed to be clay,
Stone not denying its weight,
Slate not blushing from grey.
No matter if rough—but build we so strong
That the rock pre-adamite, simple and rude
May remember the mountain from which it was
hewed.

How hard to keep the perfect truth!
How easy verity to dim!
It ofttimes seems in very sooth
But cruelty or bigot whim.
Well-meaning zeal misrepresents
And coward caution fears:
While pity hides it with her veil
Love blinds it with her tears.
But be thou strong:
Fear *doing* more than *seeming* wrong
And wait the verdict of the years.



WHERE ELM TREE AISLE SUGGESTS
THE GOTHIC ARCH.

SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

"And man lives not by body's food alone."
"Had I two loaves," the great Mohammed said,
"I would sell one and buy me hyacinths:
Beauty to me more needful than the bread."

Spirit Beauty! thou dost woo me
I consent to be thy bride,
Gushings of thy spirit through me
Flow more swift than Severn's tide
Thine will I be, none's beside; *
Strongly, sweetly, draw me to thee
That I there abide.

Through God's world the Spirit Beauty
Makes a wonderous sound
Dropping from cerulian heaven
Springing from the marshy ground.
Some to all-where, all to no-where,
Ever on her mission bent;
With divine impartialness
Giving gifts most different.

Sibyl leaves around me strown
Are this Spirit Beauty's lines,
Hers to scatter: mine to weave
To a whole whose mystery twines
Meanings wonderful
To her votaries shown.

*With acknowledgments to the unknown, who recited these lines over 60 years ago. As they, I think, have never been in print, I thought well to rescue them from oblivion.

The Mind Church.

Colored like a morning, and chiselled like a shell;
 Perfect as a saint, yet with a siren's spell;
 Radiant as a planet and as a ruby bright;
 Soothing as a gloaming, sacred as a night;
 Soft as cypress hush upon the church-yard air;
 Holy as a presence, aspiring as a prayer;
 Fairy as a frost-work and as a dream ideal,
 But deathless as a soul and as a substance real;
 Polished as a travelled pebble, yet fretted like a
 fern;
 Subtile as a perfume when orient spices burn;
 Living as an elm-tree, expanding as a flower
 In variety eternal, only Heaven's dower—
 This the vision that from starry regions beckons
 unto me
 That I fain would make to linger for all eyes to see.

SPIRIT OF SACRIFICE.

Spirit! who taughtest Psalmist king of old
 To slake Adullam's dust
 With water danger-brought from Bethlehem's wall,
 Give us the soul robust
 No sacrifices can appal,
 That in this church not stones and pelf
 We build alone, but that we build *ourself*.
 "I will not offer to the Lord my God
 That which has cost me naught." O worthy King!

Thou piercest to the very marrow of a gift,
Which is the giving. First of flocks and fields
Jehovah asked, but only to enlarge
To god-like greatness heart of him who gave.
Compare that other tone of Prophet's voice:
"And some he used for timber, some for fire
And with the residue he made a god."
Is it the refuse we would bring to Him?

Gold--or Copper--or Life.

To Sinai's foot with gold they came
To make the calf of Israel's shame.
To-day the world as then still brings
Its preciouslest to earthly things.
The gold of wealth, the gold of thought
With these life's vanities are bought;
No thought of right proportion given
The copper coin alone for Heaven.
Go! stand by Karnak's sculptured halls:
Count o'er in those cyclopean walls
The record of her sacrifice;
One life for every stone!
And see how dwarfed our pigmy hand
Beside her temple doors that rise
A hundred feet above Nile's strand
In silent majesty alone!
What word will our contempt express?
The very negroes shame our niggardness.
Or view the giant block in Baalbec's sand,

Unused since men grew puny. Then atone:
Rise from the littleness that round you drifts
To greatness of your stature. Quit the strife
For that which rust and moth consume
And build to this His fane, not merely gold but life.

SPIRIT OF WORSHIP.

Spirit of Worship hover nigh!
No spirit of debasement thine:
The reverence for what is high
Raises the worshipper—and shrine.
And as before it reach the sky
The palm in earth must sprout
So bowed and low "Confiteor" cry
Before the "Sanctus" shout.

And both are worship. For the pendulum swings
In undulations long
Twixt "Veneremur Cernui"
And "Sursum corda" high and strong.
Chasten the soul that seeks to rise
To mysteries divine
Nor offer to the gods in sacrifice
The fruit of unpruned vine.

To bow the head and bend the knee,
That is naught to God—or thee.
But bow the mind and bend the will—
Then you righteousness fulfill.

CHOOSING THE SITE.

"The Lord's House shall be established in the top of the mountains."
Mich. 4.

Set the candle on the stick—
For its sheen!
Set the city on the hill—
That it be seen:
Set the church above the crowd—
That it may reign:
Let it fling its radiance proud—
Far and plain
On the great controllingly,
While on those of low estate
Its smile rests consolingly.
Thus the promised kingdom bring:
Great the sheepfold shall be made:
Great the Pastor: in his shade
Great flock shepherding.

"Fundamenta ejus in montibus Sanctis"

Foundations hers upon the holy hills.
Not one but many mountains form her throne:
She stands on Sinai with its peak of stone
And though the desert sands continual shift
God's voice uptowering 'bove the senseless drift
With "shalt" and "shalt not" thrills.
Here leafy Olivet of prayer and creed
Keeps her breath sweet with oil of gladness;
And Thabor's radiant glories speed

Feet that still tread the vale of sadness.
On Horny Hattin backed by boulders rude
She rests, grass-cushioned, hearing words that bless;
Commandment mellowed to Beatitude,
With penalty for failure, changed
To benediction on success.
And in Jerusalem is her abode:
Outside the gates where flinty mountains rise
She stands like Mary on the mount He trod
The Calvary place, altar of sacrifice.
Nor less from western hills her voice is cast
Fulfilling the commission: "Teach all lands."
Where Tiber flows above a pagan past
On the Janiculum of golden sands
(Sainted with Tasso's laurelled memories
Laurel exchanged for golden rose of Heaven)
Stands the new Janus—Peter with his keys,
For opening celestial portals given:
And yet not this alone—
For from the Vatican, upon the breeze
Floats oracle of unambiguous tone:
While fable tells the story of the Ark
Here resting from its voyage long. While we
Beneath the legend may find verity.
Oh mountained Rome! thou dost the shipwrecked
lure;
Oh Holy Church! the truer ark art thou
With clean and unclean housed secure

For unclean's cleansing. Lo! we bow
To thee, O Leo thirteenth, Pontiff wise,
The "Ecce Homo" of the centuries.

"Ueber alle Gipfeln ist Ruh'."

On every height is rest:
The climbing tires; but falter not:
This slope is awkward halting spot:
Attain the summit and be blest.
On Ida's top is learning's calm;
Olympus sees the gods at peace;
In saintship passion finds surcease;
Cassino's cloisters yield a balm,
By foot world-disillusioned pressed.
The highest hears not envy's flout:
E'en Calvary stilled the rabble shout.
On every height is rest.

SERMONS AND TEXTS.

God's Call.

Is it time to live in dwelling
All with gold and gems ornate
With its roof-tree proudly swelling,
While *My* House lies desolate?
Full the city is of people;
But they come not to the Feast;
With the call-bell rocks no steeple;
Israel is like a beast,

Head to earth on food intent,
Downward gazing, upward never,
With the present life content.

Shall this blindness last forever?

Prophet! raise the voice of warning
Tell my people of their sin;
Breaketh now the better morning
Let the higher day begin.

The Preacher.

How long shall the nations utter the taunt
"Where now is their God, the God of their trust?
Where now is their hope? where now is their vaunt?"
His temple is prostrate. See it there in the dust.

In the hands of the Philistines rusteth the ark;
For them it nor guidance nor radiance hath;
While our footsteps have stumbled, our light has
grown dark,

For the Lord was erstwhile both our light and our
path.

"Those are things of the past." Oh modern world,
No!

The heart is Philistia or Israel yet.
Choose your camp: on forever the battle must go:
But one side is the Lord God's: do not forget.

See ye the Fanes that around ye are made
To Moloch and Venus, to Bacchus and Pan?

Shall the sacrifice all on their altars be laid
And none to the God, who for man was made man?

If I climb to my couch of silk and gold shotten
If I give to my limbs the sweet sleep of the blessed
May my eyelids and brain be of slumber forgotten
If I find not first place for the Holy to rest.

My text is: give that you may live:
Let every soul perceive its meetness.
Give quickly,—then you doubly give:
Give willingly—you taste its sweetness.
Give proudly,—how your gift will shine!
Give humbly, too, as to the Lord:
But oh! give not vaingloriously
To take the quick and poor reward.
Give little, those whose store is scant;
Nor think it makes your little less;
Lending to God you shall not want,
To give to Him is blessedness.
Bring lavishly, ye rich, your opulence
Make measure of your giving;
With no sophistical pretence
Your consciences deceiving;
Where God has been munificent
There God will much expect;
The mite in widow's offering praised
From Dives is reject.

Ye spend yourselves in futile giving
Ye strive and build and scheme and sin
Ye lack the truer soul within
Ye miss the inner core of living—
Your wealth a bauble and your fame a toy
The nation multiplied, but not the joy.

Then arise O God's people! arise at the voice!
Let a great added beauty our city rejoice.
In place of the ashes a garland of gold,
And a garment of praise, for the sackcloth of old.
Or think ye the hand of Jehovah is shortened,
Now that commerce and politics rule in our land?
'Tis for us to quicken new ages of wonder
By the faith that inviting will strengthen His hand.

The Destroyer our memory may quickly efface;
But here shall our Faith to the ages be told:—
Like a radiance that travels forever through space
When the orb that transfused it is cold.

"We'll build so grand that future centuries
Will think us mad." And yet we gaze today
On the Giralda's grace; its matchless size
And say: Here was true sanity.
The madness is in building for an hour
And lose eternal prize.
So build we that the generations late
Viewing our temple here

May say with Mrs. Siddons—muse and oracle,
Before Apollo Belvedere:

“I see that God is great
Who can create
Men to achieve such miracle.”

“Scio cui credidi,”

To “the unknown God” the Athenians reared
Their altar of Parian stone.

They built of their best
In darkness confessed—
But we to the Lord we have known.

Our finger has lovingly touched all His wounds,
Our hand in His side was laid;
And we saw His form on the rising storm,
And we heard the words: “Be not afraid.”

So from perfecter knowledge let greater love spring,
Enlarging our work to its due;
That in far-away day
Of us they may say:

“This people *loved Him whom they knew.*”

OBJECTIONS.

And wherefore should we raise
This temple of man's hands?
Why not our notes of praise
Swell on the desert sands?
Or in the leafy shrine
Of Druid holms
Or by the steepled pine?
Or 'neath the chestnut domes?

The part is often greater than the whole:
Not all can see God in the burning bush
Of sunset's fire or in the thunder's roll;
Not all can love Him in the twilight's hush,
Or know His eyes in multitudinous light
Of myriad stars. Nature's infinity
Lost by its very vastness to his sight
Must focussed be for man's infirmity.
As in some distant shrine of Hind is seen
The god—a shade in midst of its own light—
So God is often hid, I ween,
By nature's face too dazzling bright.

Worldly Wisdom No. 1.

“A public meeting must be held of course,
To find the ‘sense’ of the community.
Majorities must rule. They are the source

Of power and wisdom ever and thus we
Whom public censure else might well assail
Escaping with immunity
Are blameless if this matter fail.
The bankers and saloon men are a force
And Dives sure must take priority
As chairman of the gathering."—Go your ways!
Tell me no more what prating Demos says,
That Despotism of ten thousand tongues;
With God one voice is a majority!

Worldly Wisdom No. 2.

"And then with sociables and dances
With picnic and with festival
With grab-bags and with selling chances—
We're going to have them all—
Dished up by women talkative
With ball and dress parade
With making all the merchants give
For fear to lose our trade—
(I don't see why for this they're spiteful!)
The money we will raise
In manner most delightful
To every worldling's praise."
And thrilling comes the sentence of the Lord:
"Amen! amen! They have received reward."

Worldly Wisdom No. 3.

"I'll give five hundred dollars for a window
With my name writ in large." How large will look,
From the perspective of eternity
That lettering in God's book?

Worldly Wisdom No. 4.

"We do not need a church."
Does not the sacred tome
Say that in truest home
No altar is, nor priest,
No temple and no feast
Of viands visible,
No sacrifice, no prayer;
For God is all in all?
Friend! we are not yet there.

Worldly Wisdom No. 5.

"It might have been given to the poor."
Not these are the words of Christ.
How they rankle like a curse
In him who exploits them today;
They are the words of the purse
That holds itself shut away.
The while one hungry mouth pleaded,
While lay one head unblessed,
While sickness moaned, wanting our care,
While one orphan passed unheeded,

Without a home of rest;—
Our work—God's work—lay there.

But now is the poverty fed
And comforted is the pain,
And a roof o'er the orphan's head,—
Let us open our bible again:
And perhaps—if we look—we may see
That the Saviour's command was twofold:
And the first was, "Give to the poor,"
And the second was, "Follow me!"
So from "hearer" becoming "doer"
From the dust of humanity's street
Like Mary we come with our ointment
And lavish it on His feet.

INVITATION TO NATURE.

Bless the Lord ever, O you His creation,
Bring of your best all ye works of His hand;
Praise the Lord, mountains poised on foundation
Firm as His promise, eternal to stand.
Voice of the Lord God breaketh the cedar!
Will ye not rather bend to His smile
Into gracefuller folds than the tentings of Kedar
Yea! to the curve of our rare Gothic aisle?
Clap your hands! clap your hands! hills with the
heather;
Glory of Libanus come to our aid;

Fir tree and oak tree and pine tree together
Lend of your robur, lend of your shade.
First born of God! Light, *almost* immortal;
Shine as you shone on that 'mountain apart'
Enter by window and enter by portal
Transfiguring our work and transforming our heart.

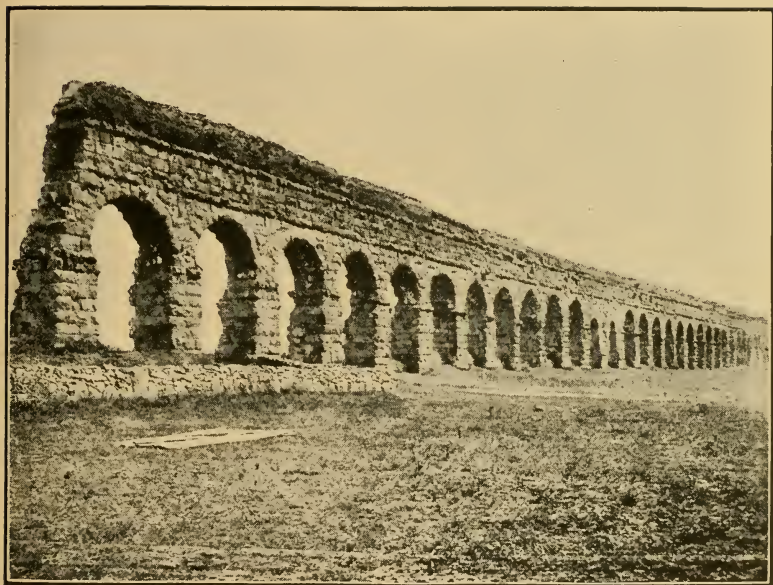
As tribute wealth comes to the gate
Inflowing from a hundred lands
To make the empire great,
The Plain, the Mountain and the Sea
Three Magi rich with generous hands
Their treasures bring to me.

Song of the Colors.

The first fiat of Godhead created
The parent from whom we spring;
'Tis fitting that we Light's daughters
First tribute of praise should bring.

We praised Him, His footstool adorning
Before temple or altar uprose,
We praised Him in pearl in day's morning,
We praised Him in gold at day's close.

We praised Him in green in spring tide
In the red of summer's glow,
We praised Him in russet of leaf-fall,
We praised Him in white of snow.



IN ITS ARMS IS A RIVER.

We praised Him in blue in the South Sea,
We praised Him in purple mists rolled
Round the axis of earth in the iceberg,
And with none but Himself to behold,

We rushed to His arms in the North-light,
Or, abashed, and retreating slow
We danced for his pleasance on wave crests
And blushed in the rainbow's glow.

And if we rejoiced in our duty
To gleam on his vesture's hem
In creation's quite outermost zone,
How gladly we come with our beauty
To stand by His altar throne.

THE MOUNTAIN QUARRY.

"And in the mountain will our God be seen."
"The great strong wind with the Lord behind,
Overthrowing the mountain and breaking the rock;
And after the cyclone the earthquake rude:
But the Lord is not in the sweeping wind,
And not in the earthquake shock.

And after the earthquake the fire's flare,
That Baalim's priests rejoice:
And after the fire the whispering air:
And the Lord is not in the scorching glare;
But alone in the still small voice." Kings III, 19.

Song of the Quarry.

Like pleading of the prostrate obelisks
That came to Pius, sixth of name*,
These rocky domes from bedded homes
With supplicating voice exclaim:
"Will we give of our stone for this Temple you
raise?"

Can you build to compare with our present estate?
Can you add any leaf to our garland of bays
Or enhance our old past? For its history is great.
Unstirred by the whirlwind, unsunged by the levin
See how solid we rest. No tempest can shake us;
Our feet in the earth, but our forehead in Heaven;
Gladly we give of our strength. Do not make us
To palsied presentment of what is now grand.
Yes! take of our rock. But lest heathendom mock
What alway was closed with the modestest vesture,
Ashamed in hewn nakedness let us not stand.
How noble the sermon that sweeps through our
larches!

How like to tall steeples yon fir trees uprise!
How tender the light through those cedern arches!
How bird song and brook song thrills to the skies!
How St. Flora and daughters smile down from their
niches!

How each crevice and nook in adornment rejoices!

**Supplica dei obelischì giacenti.* Abbe Cancellieri.

O spoil not the riches!
O quench not the beauty!
O still not the voices!
But take of our store,
We welcome the duty,
Take the mountain as model, we ask for no more.

Song of the Cedars.

We have stood on the heights as the ages went by,
Past our base has humanity streamed;
We have seen the tribes to captivity led,
We have seen those tribes redeemed.

Like St. Christoph of old we vowed our strength
Alone to the great and strong;
And conquerors rose,—but we found them men,—
And now we have tarried long,

Our heads with the centuries hoar.
Gladly we come to this temple you rear:
We gave to the son of King David of yore,
Behold! greater than Solomon here.

Song of the Pines.

“Why is your susurrus soft
Like the hush of mother’s care?
Or that sweet slow minstrelsy—
Wordless praise and prayer
That erstwhile in Bethlehem

Shepherds offered there?"
We have trained our muted voices
To the self-same theme;
Thinking that—perhaps—we might—
Is it a vain dream?
Even in this western wild
Spread our branches blessingly
Over maiden mild;
Clothe with love caressingly
Little swaddled child.
So we keep our verdure greening
Through December frore:
If the prodigal returning
Tastes the choicest store
Shall the virgin with her night-lamp
Trimmed and ever burning
Be denied the door?
Let us find within His feast-room
Place forevermore.

Song of the Firs.

Like the candlestick golden of God's own design
See the arc that our branches make!
On the lower heights we have left the pine—
We must come to Him nearer whose name we take
The "God tree"* of Himalay,
Tipped with flame the last at the fall of the night,
Tipped with flame the first in the day.

*Abies deodora.

Song of the Mine.

We have hoarded it long, with a hand brave and
strong

This tribute of gold that we bring.

We deemed it not right that a metal so bright
Should be used for one lower than King.

Of stones too we offer. Refuse not our proffer;
For adorning His vestments' hem.
The ruby may blaze with the heartiest rays
But slight not the humbler gem;

The opal's soft fire, let it too aspire
With topaz of yellowest hue,
With the blue and the green and the aquamarine
That tint that partakes of the two.

From out the depth of saddest soul
The song of joy will sometimes pour—
So from the darksome caverned mine
Comes the gold's gleaming store.

Then bring the joy and bring the gold,
And each shall take a radiance new
From standing in the presences
That fill the Blue.

Chorus.

We come from the fountain, we come from the moun-
tain,

We come from the depths beneath;

We bring iron's strength and we bring gold's light
And the dim religious shade, the breath
Of the forest aisles in their clustered piles,
With opal of glooming, and silver of day;
But one prayer rises loud on our lips as we crowd
Round the horn of His altar adored,
It sings itself ever like mountain-fed river:
"This alone do we ask of the Lord
That we dwell in His Temple always."

Our Trinity.

The Trinity alone creates:
And so, our church to rear,
Must Power, Wisdom, Love,
All speak their fiat here.
Lending a triple aid:
The mountain block to move in space:
The whole to plan with compassed law:
And beautify with grace.

Love brings those graces to our side,
Charites called—themselves a trinity;
Not those that Athens deified—
Thalia, Aglae, Euphrosyne, —
But daughters of Divinity.
First *Architecture* with her compass there
Copying the canopy of tented Heaven,
With mallet and with chisel *Sculpture* fair
And *Painting* with her light-born colors seven.

The Corner Stone.

The Pontiff comes with mitred head
And crosier outward turned;* to lay
Corner of kingdom new; and led
As on that Solomonian day,
When Salem's Temple rose,
By joyous song and reverent dance
With smoke from golden censers flung,
With all the pomp of circumstance
And Hallel seven times sung.

"Unless the Lord God edify
The builders work in vain."
Yea! But He standeth near!
So workmen have no fear!
He is the corner stone;
We build on Him alone;
He maketh both to one—
Uniting Salem's with Gerizim's mount;
And as from Dogma's fount
Rise ceremonies, prayer and song,
So sculptured frieze and arrowy spire
Rest on foundations strong.

Half-Done Things.

Son of Man, shall these bones live? Ezek. 27.

A booby passed today
Along our way

In art a Bishop's crosier is turned *out*; an Abbot's *in*; a good hint!

Where piled confusedly
 The Church materials lay.
 Voussoir and architrave
 With rubble-stone in-mixed,
 Cords of ashlar ready cut
 With capitals betwixt,
 Plinth and apophyge—
 So lies Caphernaum,
 Its music dumb,
 Strewn round the shore of Galilee!
 He gazed in—"Aw! I say,
 If ask I may,
 Will these things make a church?"
Children and fools the half-done should not see.
Make a church? My dear boy, No!
 It is the spirit sole
 Can make a whole
 Out of the scattered fragments of mortality;
 And so
 The architect
 Will cause to stand erect
 Each block now prone,
 And give to every stone
 Undying, eloquent vitality.

The Derrick.

And more is done by planning than by force,
 If only we the fitting measures try.
 Zethos would toil the heavy stones to raise,—
 Amphion moves them by his harmony.



MOORISH—A FAIRY TALE.

The Stone Cutter.

To the time of the mallet's stroke,
To the tune of the chisel's ring,
The old man his life tale spoke
The rough block fashioning.

"Since out of the womb I came
Time did my forehead smite,
And I knew not the smiter's aim,
I felt but the chisel's bite.

And the mallet fell early and late
And it crushed my budding plan;
And I said 'this is merest hate
This action of God on man.'

But the chisel that galled me all day
And the mallet that stunned with its din,
Gave more than they took away—
Gave the perfecter form within.

For out from the mist of the pain
Came the face of the Christ to show
That the loss of our life is gain
That the corn must die ere it grow.

And thus, with love's sweetest unspoken,
I, bowing beneath His rod,
Know my dearest idol broken
But to leave the place for God."

The Fly-Wheel.

"No need of Faith" the sneering sceptic says:
"Reason sufficing allwhere and always."
Look at that heavy wheel, apparently
Consuming fast the engine's energy,
And doing naught but keep the motion even.
And is that nothing in this jerky world
Where life is alternating ebb and flow?
Though certainty and trust are normal states
There is a point in soul machinery—
A dead-point—now of doubt, now of despair:
Faith is the balance-wheel carrying us safe through
both.

Bridging the interval 'twixt hope and hope
And joining certainty to certainty,
While tired reason passive waits the turn.

Progress.

A gradual psalm our building moves along:
Forward and upward to majestic chant,
With rhythm of Queen's feet beautiful
Upon the heights. Dost hear its raptured swell?
Heard melodies of earth are sweet to sense:
Oh! sweeter far those symphonies of Heaven
Unheard—save of the soul.

A mother when her darling boy
Salutes her forehead white
With kissed good night,

Pleased, proud, she notes with joy
A something added to his height,
A luster new upon the shining hair,
A beauty new upon the radiant face,
(Making still fairer what was fair,)
A dawning thought within his eyes
Like eastern light that grows apace,
A growing strength upon his lips—
Instant to hers the words arise
“As he in stature grows, oh may he grow in grace!”
So grows our church, and so ascends our prayer.

Patience.

Cycles untold it took
To shape this earth for man.
Shall we then look
To compass by a span?
To accomplish in a day?
Omnipotence rebukes
Our hurried way.
If true our books
Koeln's Dom six hundred years
Required since it began;
And only in our day
Did its tall spires essay
To reach the blue,
That smiles above the Rhine,
Ripening its wine,
Keeping its beauty new.

Suspense.

A month of disappointment and delay.
A *Strike!* the turning of the worm heel-crushed;
The cry of labor for the 'something more,'
Not now the privilege to work, but rest.
Not ours the blame, yet is the damage ours;
We sail in common and must thus partake
Of modern ills: the rivalry between
Labor and capital; forgetfulness
Of God's commandment and of brother's right.

Today all is adjusted and thank God!
Our *Navicella* rides the storm serene.

While grow the walls, how grows our being's stature?

Each human spirit is an architect
Building to beautiful and true and good
In varying measure his progressive life,
With matter gathered from a thousand fields
From home experience or from foreign saw.
Dwarfing by meanness, or by passion wrecking;
Building alone the cellar, with its vermin,
Or glorious towering into heaven's blue
The rich world made by his life richer;
Eternity itself gaining an added charm.

In front of Milan's marble wonder
A peasant stood and gazed in pride:
"What lovely church we builded yonder!"
"We!" with a sneer the nabob cried.
"What did *you* do?" "I mixed the *mort*."
Ah Friend! restrain the ill retort.
This man had done his little best,
And that is much. *Hast thou done more?*
So hod-man ply thy tool with zest
The future holds thy praise in store.

Song of the Mortar-Makers.

We may not see the steeple high
Lift up the swinging bell
To hurl its joyance to the sky
Or lengthen sorrow's knell—
But what is that to me and thee?
Mix we our mortar well.

Yon tablet's marble front you see
The master's name will tell
When we shall all forgotten be
Locked in some nameless kell—
But what is that to thee and me?
Mix we our mortar well.

Mayhap that here some Luther wight
Inspired by envious Hell
May "spread himself" and not the light—
"A sorry sentinel"—
But what is that to thee and me?
Mix we our mortar well.

The baby born to me last night

Its fate who can foretell?

Shall it be dark, shall it be bright?

A throne, or dungeon cell?—

But what is that to thee and me?

Mix we our mortar well.

If we but *knew* that Heaven were near

If we could only see

Day lily in the asphodel

And Faith get rid of fear—

But what is that to thee and me?

Mix we our mortar well.

The Doorway.

We work in exultation,

And chanting, as we raise

These walls that are salvation,

These gateways that are praise.

The Temple's veil is rent in twain;

Closed will be God's house never:

The inmost adytum is plain

To mortal sight forever.

So make your portals high and wide,

With aspect all inviting;

The Christian Church is: Time and Tide

Epiphany reciting.

“Is our life to be paved and our temple floor

With marble eterne, or with wood?”

To *what* would you enter? yourselves make the door:

Then make it to noble and good.

CANTOS Y SANTOS.

Stones and Saints: the legend of the city Avila.

Life's glory is revealed in work and pain:
Shall we ingloriously that gain refuse?
I wonder not at what men will to suffer;
I wonder much at what they will to lose.

The Sculptor.

The block of unhewn stone before me lies:
In whose name strike it with the rod?
Within are thousand possibilities.
Shall it bring forth a devil or a god?

O Hymn! that sings'itself unbid
But finds expression none;
O form of beauty in this marble hid
Which I must seek alone!
O how shall *that* be heard?
O how shall *this* be shown?
But still the poet wrestles with the word,
And still the sculptor hammers at his stone.

I made an impatient stroke today:
And work on which for weeks I toiled
Vainly my prowess to display,
All wrecked and mutilated lay;—
A life by one sin spoiled.

I made an awkward stroke today:
And though it cost much time and care,
My slip was Providence's way,—
My work was rounded by delay,
To pattern much more fair.

Imperfection.

The Creator saw that His work was good
Nor willed to make it to better or best:
That the law of all life might be *effort*,
And all judgment be *Mercy* blest.

So these capital blocks and these tympanum stones
We leave in the rough for the artist to come;
To be carven to perfectness slowly, by toil;—
Evolution of language from forms that were dumb.

Compensation.

We may not tread the mountain far
With 'Sons of thunder' and the 'Man of rock'
To see the Christ transfigured there:—
But where the grass and flowers are
Can sit among the numbered flock
And kneel with Him in prayer.

Equality.

Poor *accidental* gifts, the rich and proud
May have, by grace of Heaven;
Never let envy mention these:
Great things to all are given.

Great love surprises with his sweeping wing
The unlikeliest lowliest heart;
Great sun, great air, great sea, great night;
In these all men have part.

I've seen on altars of the costliest shrines
The Hidden Savior rest:—
The Chapel up among the pines
Receives the self same Guest.

Effort.

As in the dense compacted ashen groves
A tree shoots upward to the air and blue
With stem long-drawn seeking the sun it loves;
So from the crowded town our temple grew:
So from the body's frailties it behooves
Thy spirit stretch to heights of good and true.

Inequality.

Why are there rich? Why are there poor? Why
not
An equal distribution of life's load?
That man himself may make equality
That some may share with others and with God.
And God has diverse occupation,
For some the calm, for some the strife;
For some the ocean's contemplation
For some the river's active life.

No land forlorn. With church or cloistered pile
Each spot Religion fills;
St. Bernard gladding the lowlands,
St. Benedict blessing the hills.

To human face my Temple grows:—
The door—a mouth which welcome gives;
The tower—strong and prominent nose;
And windows—eyes where starlight lives.
And like life's actions, deathless every one
Immortal wrinkles furrow every stone.

As flowers spring from last year's battlefield,
Each nook and coigne blossoms to sculptured saint
On ax-hewn ground-work of our rougher wall,
And we, their brothers, being with each acquaint,
Some seem as sentries guardian of the heights
Some keep the step of march for those behind;
Michael—Christian Apollo—here destroys
The Python round our Eden's life tree twined;
There St. Sebastian slays the pestilence
As Phebus' arrows shot Miasma through;
There Catherine with wheel and book—
Urania and Minerva too—
And all things turn to good in God—
The groan of saint—the joy of seraphim—
While Stephen's stones build up the church
Cecilia chants the triumph hymn.

The Cross.

I see the cross in yon larch's bough;
I see the cross in the mustard bloom;
I see the cross in the loosestrife leaf,
And the cross in the ash-tree's plume.

I see the cross in the heavenly swan
And the cross in the crystal's sheen;
I see it again in the sponge's gold
And again in the shamrock's green.

And gleaming afar from the colored hills*
I see it salute the wave;
Then crown with a cross—for the cross *is* the crown
For all this side of the grave.

Shall my life alone be amorphous?
Shall I for whom He died
While the cross is impressed on Nature's breast
Be least like the Crucified?

His image primal upon you was graved.
And as your growing life
Rises above the clod
Like Moslem with his paper fragments saved
On every stone write "God."

*Holy Cross Mountain in Colorado.

CHAT.

Workman! spare nor time nor art,
Grave in yonder stone
Not thy hand alone
But thy mind, thy heart.

As you shape the stone
Lay the square thereon;
See if it be true.
St. Francis' school
Says: "Keep the Rule,
Then will the Rule keep you."

Epigram.

These sects—these fragments—workman, say!
Shall they be waste foreveⁿfore?
No! these shall later pave the way
Unto our Church's door.

The Irish Hod-Man.

Shall we mix this mortar
Dost thou think
With the common water
That the cattle drink?
No! for this work holy
Must we use
Sacred water solely;

See I bring a cruse
With the Easter blessing,
Gained by jostling and pressing
Through the women folk last Saturday.
(Thomas, hold your tongue!
Father James in passing by the way
Said this wasn't wrong.)

Self.

I looked in on the wilful man:
"What is this here? O workman, say!
This stone is ruined. Where's your plan?"
"I tried to do it my own way."

Some error still maintained in pride;
Some sin that will not penance brook;
For once denied is thrice denied,
Unless the Lord upon us look.

Testimony of the Rocks.

"And do you believe that a God exists?"
The anæmic agnostic cried:
And plain from the church's ascending wall,
"God exists" the prompt echo replied.

To him who has ears the rocks will have tongues,
And loud from each rugged stone
Comes the voice of the "something greater
That speaks to the heart alone."

The something that once was known as *Pan*
For its omnipresent gleam;
We change the name. But the self-same Power
Only understood better from hour to hour,
Is today our Theology's theme.

Beauty from beauty springs. Make fair your lives
and great
O ye who build: then will our temple rise
A beauty added intermediate
Between the beauteous earth and beauteous skies.
While down the ages every reverent mind
Beholding in its service dutiful
Will grow to what it views, until mankind,
Gazing on beauty, becomes beautiful.

In faith we must labor and on bended knee,
Like the Brother Angelic of old;
And his work was a prayer, as the traveller may
see,
Only uttered in colors and gold.

Only ages of faith can give us great art;
That is not on mere science's scroll,
The heart can be seen alone by the heart,
The soul alone by the soul.

The Steeple.

Slowly like God's choicest blessings
Grows our spire to stature meet;
Grows as grows the palm tree sky-ward
Stately, slender, tall and sweet.
Like to mother's prayer it pierces
To the Throne without a pause,
Never wavering or doubting
God will hear her cause.

Workmen! Build strong with the backbone of mountains;
Workmen! Build light with the Iris' spring;
Workmen! Build fair as the ferns by the fountains,
Rock into beauty's forms blossoming.

Oh workmen see you work your best,
A House is building—not for man,
And not for time—this our bequest
Is for the centuries;
For God these walls arise;
All seeing eyes
Will note the shirk
Of careless work,
But unremembered strokes will also mark, and prize.
And when your work is done
Shall melody from every stone arise,
As once of old from Memnon to the sun.

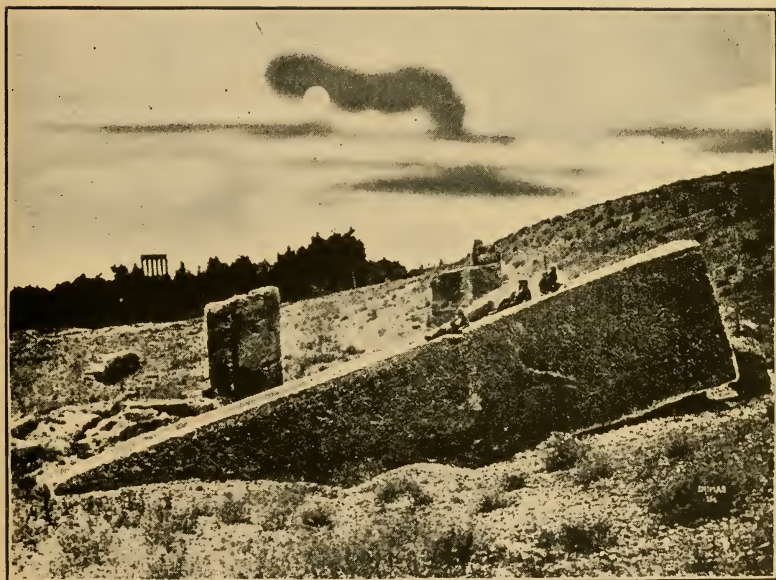
If you have faith you shall say to the mountain: "Be moved."

The little stone that was cut without hands
From the mountain afar;
Has grown to a mountain that stands
All unmoved mid the centuries' jar.
For the mountain *must* come to our prophet
For our Church is where miracles are.

Raising the Spire.

The crush of sorrow, and the sting of pain,
Temptation's fire, adversity's harsh blow,
Or worse, repentance that but sins again,—
Of these the purpose we may sometime know,
When God has built to perfectness
His temple in us, by that stress
Of which we now complain.

Like wisdom in dust-laden unread tome
Of which the busy world ne'er thought
The iron lay within its caverned home;
Till by the shovel and the pick revealed
By furnace cleansed, by skill annealed
'Twas by the cunning hammer wrought,
While ductile from the fire,
To forms of beautiful and true—
Today it bears into the blue
Our glorious heaven-lit spire.



UNUSED. SINCE MEN GREW PUNY.

Roofing.

In the miraculous no longer doubt:
But yesterday our Temple stood
Hypæthral—open to the air—
Today the roof is on,—but there
Is Heaven not shut out.
For thronged in countless multitude
From skyey homes the angels move
Knowing their home is also here,
And wonderful and bright—
A heavenly photosphere—
They hover in the vast above,
A dome of wings and light.

I live the poem that I build,—
These chapels are its verses;
Its progress day by day
Continual, rehearses
That upward course from naught to good,
From good to better and to best;
The evolution, God-ordained,
To work His great behest,—
The chant proceeds to climaxed power
Of minor and of major tone
To where the altar ends the view—
Doxology in stone!

Doubt.

The cry of a soul in pain:
Of a soul that thought it had seen
A path illumed through the screen
That parts our existences twain,—
Of a soul erst-while content
To lean on authority's creed;
Now fears that the staff may be reed;
And then comes the bewilderment
One feels in the earthquake shock,
When all we have trusted before
Seems to recede and to mock,
And the stable is stable no more;—
'Tis the stake removed from the tree:
That now must be strong to bear
The buffeting winds from the lea,
Nor trust to the planter's care:
'Tis the trial by fire of the gold
That the metal from dross may be clear;
'Tis the scaffolding taken away
That the perfected work may appear.
And from this springs the personal faith:
"I believe because I have seen;"
And seen with the mind all my own,
Understood, not removed, the screen,
Which only then shall be fully rent
When at life's Architect's nod
This temporal scaffold of flesh dissolves
Revealing completed the work of God.

MUSINGS.

Religion is lost in the whirlpool of day;
"And is this world all?" men inquire.
So as gloaming deepens, I take my way
Where the higher truths respire.
Then my soul once dark grows strangely bright:
And as yon black ridge of pines
In the glow of the westering light
Like silver-tipped javelins shines,
So my thoughts are shot through by the spear points
 of Faith
As I traverse this darkening laund,
And through the dim mysteries of pain and of death
Comes the gleam of the great Beyond.

The Door.

With depth and darkness of the Prophet's cave
On Horeb, the rich portal draws our feet;
So deep recessed that doorway serves for porch,
To weary, sun-pained traveller sweet;—
Can this be work of man alone?
Is it not Deity in nature's forms
In mimicry chosen,
That archivolt a wreathed scarf of cloud,
Or curl of snow wave frozen?

And see! the generous stone
Chamfers itself to very widest flare
To let all in, and from each sculptured niche
The housed saints welcome to us declare.

Approach we with the reverent tread that praises
The Moslem's unshod feet.

As when an artist graciously upraises
(His work being now complete)

The pall from curtained masterpiece;

Or when first glimpse of Heaven

Is given on soul's release,—

What beauties greet

Our raptured gaze!

Apocalyptic glories gleam

From floor and wall mosaic,

In wondrous color scheme—

Onyx and Chrysoprase,

Beryl and Almandine,

With Ruby's wine,

And Topaz' yellow rays,

Jasper and Sard and Amethyst

With Hyacinthine blaze—

This new Jerusalem—a bride—descending

Adorned in vesture where the forest dyes

Of western autumn are forever blending

With mystery rare of oriental skies.

I enter by the ample way,
That door unshut, though it be late;
And outstretched arms of Jesus say:
"My Heart ope's wider than the gate."

I am within my Father's house.
Outside the strange hard faces meet me;
The salty bread, the tiresome stair:
But here familiar faces greet me.

These saints—our family portraits these—
Our brothers of the brave advance;
We gaze upon them, and become
All saintly by inheritance.
Here are the patron saints of trades:
St. Zita with her broom
Makes clean with sweep and garnishment
Her heart as well as room.
St. Raphael is ready for the road:
St. Bridget for the churn:
St. Laurence still declares he knows
When flesh is roasted to a turn;
St. Isadore plows his field
St. Crispin pegs his shoe—
Even St. Ivo holds a brief
Most wonderful, but true;
While Jerome stands aghast to find
Lawyer and saint combined!

How hospitable is this Dome
By one red cresset lit!
Where all may find a home:
Where saint and sinner fit:
Where youth may loving come:
Where age may musing sit.

All images distorted by the headlong rush,
Through channeled streets life hurries on apace:
From whose sad turmoil I would gladly flee;
But here, in quietude's encircling hush,
My being's river broadens to a sea
Reflecting heaven's face.

No matter from what door we come,
Like lane of moonlight on a stream
For fairy's feet to call them home,
Our path adown the aisle is strown
In silver from the altar gleam
To focal-point, the Tabernacle throne.

The songs that sing themselves to faith,
The hopes that rise above despair,
The doubts that somehow meet their death
We know not when, or where,
The love that drives out bitterness—
All, all are centered there.

The deepest grief is ever prayer
And prayer the highest joy. And so
To this our temple's dome
Unlikest sentiments repair,
And each soul finds a home
With joyous matin song, or vesper low.

The Church the Holy Land.

All here centres. Bethlehem not least,
But also Nazareth of peaceful air;
The hill-side sermon and the grass-spread feast
And morning miracle, and evening prayer;
With starry Galilee above us bent;
With Bethany's repose; Jerusalem's strife:
Giving to all in Sacrament
His seven-fold lusted life.

The curious approach but still are far:
As in Capharnaum's sad sickened street
The many pressed around but only one—
A woman with her instinct fleet—
Did touch with faith that drew the healing forth;
So only love can know the joy intense
That here alone on earth is given
To raptured spirit and to thrilling sense.
To realize the presences of Heaven,
And know, refreshed, their saving worth.

Before the Tabernacle.

Sweet Love came to the darkened heart
Bitter—in Mara's flood:
And lo! it rose to light and peace
And joy scarce understood.

Brave Love met craven cowardice
Disarmed, in headlong flight,
And turned him back with buckler new
To faithful win the fight.

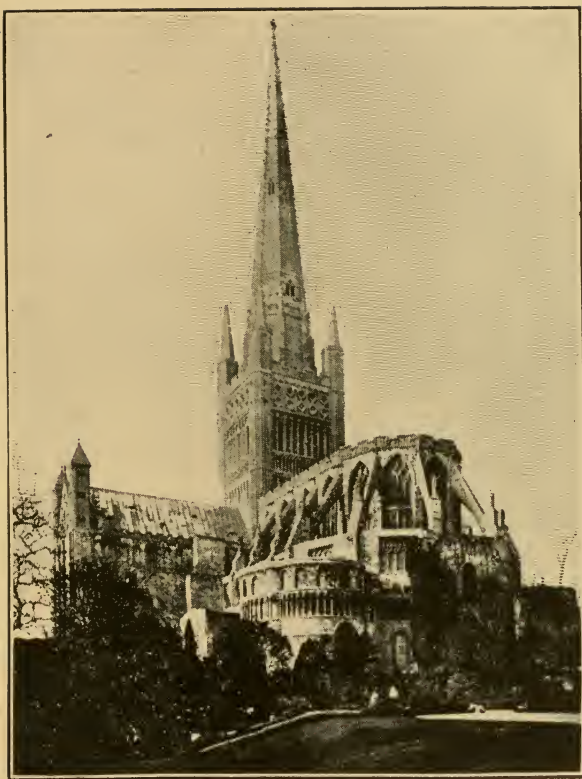
Pure Love came to the Magdalene;
And though the tears suffuse her face,
Like brook flood-washed her soul is clean
And sweet with perfumed grace.

Wise Love touched lips that long were dumb;
Lo! they awoke to prayer and song,
That earth and sky and mount and mere
Throbbled with the anthem strong.

Who is this Love so potent, brave
And wise, these conquests prove?
The Tabernacle opes its door
And whispers "God is Love."

Before the Rood Screen.

I look into my Saviour's eyes.
Ah! no, they look on me
And chide with love's authority



ENGLAND'S GRACE.

My infidelities.
Ourselves look often on ourselves
Nor mark the cock's accusing;
But when the Lord upon us looks
How vain our self-amusing!
If *then* there be no bitterness
Our soul's recess within,
No tear stains on our face,
We have not less of Peter's sin
But less of Peter's grace.

The life of him can never be the same
Who once beholds a ghost. From this fair fane
Emerging, ease nor wealth nor hollow power
Their specious eminence retain.

Worldlings self-satisfied may scorn the God
To them unseen. Refuse we or obey,
We who have heard His thrilling: "Follow me!"
Can never after be as they.

"O not for Thee the glow, the gloom,
That changest not in any gale."

There are truths that the braggart noonday flouts
Till they weakly deny their power;
There are truths that grow haggard and doubtful
and dark
In the mist of the midnight hour:

Those find their soul in the eventide prayer
And these in the morrow's blue:
But I viewed my Church by the dark and the bright
And in both it was greatly true.
There are thoughts that seem great when my soul
 exalts
In the joy of an untired wing;
There are griefs that come with a crushing weight
When the spirit falls sorrowing.
But how trivial those to the heart that bleeds
Or these to the soul elate:
But my Church I viewed by the joy and the woe
And in both proved it truly great.

Neath this roof life's Benedictions
Flow around us, like a psalm;
Round our littleness God's greatness,
Round our restlessness His calm.

O sole refreshment for the feet that tire!
City of refuge from the world's alarms!
Above, the daily cloud, the nightly fire,
And underneath the everlasting arms.

Fresco.

“Just leave the ornament away”
Says the sour Puritan. But nay!
A Bride must show her best;
The King her beauty will desire,
In her embrace will gladly rest,
And dwell with her for aye.

For beauty is this Monarch's handmaid;
Glowing in approach to Him,
Exiled from the loving glances,
Waning, faint and dim.
Waning as obedience fails,
Dim in heathenesse,—but brightening
To the splendors of the Stanze
And the Sistine's lightning.

My abode is in the full assembly of saints. Eccl. 24.

Leave me not lonely in this my earthly dwelling:
Gather round my Tabernacle those in life most loved;
First, my Maiden Mother, then the Guardian proved,
The Disciple next in depth of love excelling.
And the Protomartyr Stephen with his palm so ear-
ly given
From the tree of life supernal,
Face upraised, like one inspired
To the opening vision;

And the Little Ones forbid not
They the flowerets vernal
In their heart's blood shriven,
Life relinquished, not yet tasted
Such are meet for Heaven.

The Baptismal Font.

Lo! where the Baptist aloft holds his pennon!
There runs the Jordan potent as of yore;
Bethbarah heals every genital woe,
Naaman leaves here his leprosy's sore,
Over this stream is the land of the promise,
Land where the milk and the honey yet flow.
Fear not the passage through waves or through
desert:
Know that Jehovah our great Shepherd leads,
With the rod and the staff for the valley of shadow,
With the cloud and the flame interchanged at our
needs.

The Soul like brightness-wearied bird
Seeks, 'mid the splendor, place of rest;
Finding, in sculptured niche and cell,
Eyries for thought to nest.

To nest and bring her fledgelings forth,
Bantlings from lowly parent sprung;
Poor squabs mayhap, but all her own,
And to her more than Eagle's young.

The Lady Chapel.

An artist says in every masterpiece
There is a point of rest to which returns
Our gaze, as beast to stall or bird to nest;
Or like the center of a mighty wheel
That views, unmoved, whirling circumference.
It is not on the height, for there the rays
Too dazzling bright: It is not in the plains,
For there again is dull monotony.
It is the measure of all other parts;
It is the gamut's *sol* which ever shows
How far our note is from the ladder's ends.

Our Lady's chapel is this point of rest:
It is the moon after the radiant noon
That streams from out the Tabernacle door
That Sinai of the Presence terrible.
It gives us power to compare, to see
How high the mortal is, if raised by God;
But yet how high God above highest man.

The Confessional.

Magdala's child at confessional kneeling,
Here brings her salt tears for frailty's repair;
Deaf to the sneers of the proud and unfeeling
Still does her golden hair
Blessedest feet touch:
Still are her eyes the glad tidings revealing:
"Much is forgiven, because she loved much."

The Altar.

"He spoke in parables."

And Pity the old way reverses.
Not in the baldness of our work-day stated—
With figure and with parable adorned,
That Teacher Truth rehearses
Who loved where others hated,
Who praised where others scorned.

So carve the crimson Rose,
Type of His blood that flows
Still for our healing.
Twine too the Passion flower
With lilies white, whose dower,
That purity of heart and hand,
The face of God revealing.
And for remembrance plain—
Lest men forget again—
Showing in sculptured history
The favored fruit and grain
Of Sacramental mystery.

The Carver.

Sweet work! I carve the tendrilled vine
Whose pity-tender fingers cling
Around His tabernacled shrine,
Fairer than gay flower's blossoming.

Sweet work! I round to perfectness
Each berry full with mystic wine,
And hear from far the words that bless:
"Ho! ye that thirst, I am the Vine."

Sweet work! I form that choicest leaf
Of leafy world: five-lobed like hand of God;
Hear words that still our selfish grief:
"My robe is red; the wine press I have trod."

Sweet work! Beneath my chisel grow
The stately shafts of sculptured wheat.
Some stand erect; some bending low
Form fitting capital. While sweet

From those that droop toward man's estate,
(Like on the cross my Jesus' head)
For starving souls the message great:
"Ye hungry come! I am the Bread."

The Pulpit.

And now to my Preacher give you a thought.
On high prop him up on Evangelists four,
That the tidings of joy to all peoples be taught.
While Matthew assures us that Christ is our Brother,
er,
On a world ever desert let Mark's lion roar,
Luke's bull to the sacrifice patient be brought,
And the eagle of John must continue to soar
Till the sight of this world is lost in that other;

And the Lion of Juda on eagle wings borne
Tying his foal, my son, to the vine,
Making His enemies footstool of scorn,
And dyeing His vesture in wine,
Shall perfect the kingdom and bring the new morn;
Coming, not from old *Night* as mythologies say
Their gods did arise, but all gloriously bright
In the splendor of saints from the womb of the Day.

The Noonning.

This day I took
My rest within the nook—
Corner where shadow lies,—
Farthest from windows bright
And from the ray that beams
Adown the church—like moon on streams—
The sanctuary light.
And thought came to me as I sate:
I wish religion had no mysteries;
I wish my faith from doubt were free.
A voice:—it whispering says:
“What would life be without its mystery?
If all were noonday bright
Would we not miss the lovely night?”
Let us not waste our powers
By knocking at closed doors.

Wait till they ope,
These portals of our hope,
And knowing we are dumb,
Lie down content in childish trust,
Hugging the mystery that we cannot plumb;
For here is the Lover revealed I ween;
That He shows Himself at our lattice
Half hidden and half seen.

And the Rabbi observes
As he rolls up his book;
"Three keys God reserves:
Man seeks them in vain;
The key of the womb,
The key of the rain
And the key of the tomb."

Revelation.

Searching for truths that hidden lie,
In lines through darkness spelt,
There flashed a light from Deity—
I looked into infinity—and knelt.

COMPLETION.

Consummatum est.

Today our work is consummate.
Shaped like the cross and pierced by portals five
Like Him who hung thereon:
Portals unshut by day or night,
With welcome early welcome late,
That all may see and live;
A sacrifice complete yet still to rise
Morning by morning on our eyes,
Breaking that eastern verge of skies
Whence comes the one true Light.

Vision.

“Who is this that rises red with wounds so splendid?
did?

All her brow and breast made beautiful with scars;
In her eyes a light and fire as of long pain ended;
In her mouth a song as of the morning stars.”

Swinburne.

DEDICATION.

Our Temple rose to varied chant
Of sorrowing toil through ages long;
By one entoned, by others taken up:
Now Psalm of labor turns to Triumph's song.

Hymn.

Lift yourselves up, O eternal gates. Ps. 23.

FIRST CHOIR.

Open wide your portals,
Princes open wide!
See! the King of glory
Now will enter in.

SECOND CHOIR.

Who's this King of glory
Coming now, O say?

THIRD CHOIR.

God the strong and mighty,
Mighty in the fight.
Alleluja!

FIRST CHOIR.

Open then your portals,
Princes open wide!
See! the King of glory
Now will enter in.

SECOND CHOIR.

Who's this King of glory
Coming now, O say?

THIRD CHOIR.

He, the God of virtues,
He's this glorious King.
Alleluja!

Litany.

"And thither the tribes of the Lord went up;"

(Happy the soul that can run.)

"Our feet, O Jerusalem, have stood in thy courts,
Jerusalem compacted in one."

"I joyed in the things that were said unto me;"

(Happy the soul that rejoices.)

"The rush of the River the City makes glad;
And the waters shall lift up their voices."

"O come and behold the wonders of God!"

(Happy the soul that can see.)

"For precious stones are all her walls
And her towers are jewelry."

"Tell ye the wonderful things of the Lord;"

(Happy the soul that can shout.)

"Narrate it for ages to come, in her towers;
Go round about Sion, O go round about."

"Arise, O my glory! Rise Psalter, Harp!"

(Happy the soul that can sing.)

"Let us come to His presence with joyfullest noise;
With voices saluting the King."

"Thou hast chosen the lowly, O God my God;"

(Happy the soul elect.)

"The head of the Temple's corner, behold!
Is the stone that the builders reject."

“They are planted secure in the house of the Lord;”
(Happy the soul that with God is content.)

“I had rather be abject and poor in thy courts
Than dwell in the sinners’ gilt tent.”

“The presence of Godhead shall fill all the House;”
(Happy the soul that can pray.)

“For here shall My eyes behold ever,
My ears be opened alway.”

“Who worship in pride shall not dwell in thy house;”
(Happy the soul that is humbled.)

“The Lord is our staff and the light of our path,
And Israel’s feet have not stumbled.”

“Who shall dwell in thy tent? Who shall rest on
thy hill?

(Happy the soul that can stay.)

“In the place that His feet have trodden I kneel;
And this is my rest for aye.”

“How lovely thy tentings, O Israel’s God!”

(Happy the soul that can love.)

“My spirit hath fainted in midst of thy courts,
And brooded like turtle dove.”

“She remembereth not the sorrow today;”

(Happy the soul that believes.)

“Going out, we wept at our labor
But coming, we carry our sheaves.”

"He shall be builded and founded in peace."

(Happy the soul that has won.)

"For I to him shall be ever his God;

And he shall be ever my son."

Reward.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters."

I gave a dime,—'twas sorely done!

I went without my food to spare it.

But here what treasure have I won!

I do not even seem to share it

With others. I, poor I, alone

Possess the whole,

From buttress up to coping stone.

For me the pillars stand,

Like rows of sentries tall;

For me the roof, like God's own hand,

Spreads over all.

The gold is mine that gleams,

The light is mine that streams .

From storied windows high,

In colors manifold

As virtues there retold—

And ne'er to die—

Outnumbering rainbow's seven fold dole,

With Martyr's fortitude and Virgin's purity,
Confessor's voice and Doctor's scroll,
Apostle's zeal with frailty's sorrow,
Centurion's faith, disciple's love,
Prophetic gaze that seems to borrow
From that reserved for Heaven above—
This from the Apocalypse—
And, focussed back to light, ablaze,
The source of all these differing rays,
The Figure on the Crucifix!
To Lazarus all this is given!
Oh! joy is mine! My bread comes back
And not as earth, but Heaven.

PROCESSIONS.

"God will count the steps."

Wondrous the strains of the organ's recessional
Floating away down the darkening aisle,
Bringing to memory groupings processional
Visions of those who have swept through this pile.
Swiftly or slowly, now coming now going
Here do they meet, or there intertwine:
Is it the ocean's life ebbing and flowing?
Nay! an epitome, mortal, of thine;
Where birth and where love and where death are
but showing
The symphony's need of a trio divine.

The Baptism.

Fresh as paradisa! flower
Every new life springs;
But imperfect is its dower,
It must win by strife;
Canker worm to rosebud clings,
Satan round the tree of Life.

So within the font baptismal
Wash the stain of Adam's woe,
Head annoint with unction chrismal
Clothe with garment white as snow.

Happy mother, blushing father—
If the squirming infant cries
Proud the gossip, quick to gather
Comforting life-prophecies.

Faster tie the parents' wed hands,
In their lives new beauties weave,
This be your work little red hands
Clutching at my surplice sleeve.

The Marriage Procession.

How the joyous bridal march,
Mendelssohn's or Wagner's song,
Speaks re-echoed from each arch
Its antiphonary long:

Take the "glory" that is thine
Man, with consort Heaven sent.
*Bow to headship made divine,
Woman, in this sacrament.*

Love her with the love of Saviour
Where the master serves.
*Love him with the glad behavior
The Church toward Christ observes.*

Give thy life and give thy blood.
*Give thy duty nor forget
Stand as faithful by the Rood
As on gladsome Olivet.*

With a love and service great
Each of each the complement
Enter wedlock's blest estate,
Equal, because different.

And the tongueful Paraclete
Equal woman, man, with thee,
From this union shall complete
The terrestrial trinity.

As they pace adown these aisles,
Earth recedes and heaven nears,
In a joy too grave for smiles,
In a pain too glad for tears.

First Communion.

Like a group of Easter lilies
In the gay parterre
Kneel the children at the altar:
Happy, fluttered hearts are there!
Day of days so long expected!
Of life's volume fairest page!
Sweet oasis in the desert,
'Twixt the levity of childhood
And the worldliness of age.
Will time ever yield another
With the bloom of this?
In the joy of sister, brother,
In the rapture of the mother
As she prints a kiss
On the lips that lately opened
To mysterious bliss?

Still the sweetness of your faces
My fond memory holds;
As the fragrance of the censer
Clings within the vestment's folds.

Communion.

They knew him in the breaking of bread.

Not in the tragedy alone
Of Calvary's gloom—
Not in the heavy stone
Rolled from the tomb—
Not in refulgence bright
Of Thabor's pinnacle—
Not in speech erudite—
Or miracle—
Not in unusual star,
Or heavenward flight
Piercing the cloud afar
On Olivet's lone height—
But in the littleness
Of work-day round,
In these each life to bless
The Lord is found.
And in what wondrous wise
Is He there seen!
He opes not shuts the eyes
By this His screen.
In Bread Himself concealing
That none may flee;
In Bread Himself revealing
That all may see.

The Funeral.

Drawing a stop unused before
God's black-robed Azrael
On muted heart-strings plays:
A discord but to those who dwell
Upon the partial phase
Of earthly moments. Those who see
The whole, glad through their tears adore,
And feel the vaster melody.

When hark! The consecration bell!
The rite is consummate. A radiant train
Their wings the morning ether cleaving
Angelic troops descending—
To eye of faith how plain!—
The Heavens above us leaving
For very Heaven around us bending
Our earthly sanctuary fill.
Christ Jesus to His Temple comes:
Let all the earth be still!



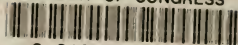
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